

Children's Sermon

Meekness.

By Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchison, D. D.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Matthew 5:5.

Who was the meekest man? I am sure you can all answer that question. It was Moses. He is said to have been the meekest man in the Bible. If you would like to know what meekness is there is no better way to find out than by reading the life of Moses.

When Moses was a very young man he had an ugly temper. One day he became angry with another man and killed him. He couldn't control his temper. For this God sent him away for forty years into exile. When he came back there was a great change in him. He could face all sorts of insults and wrongs without an angry word. He had learned to master his temper.

Someone was telling me of being in a blacksmith's shop one day talking to the blacksmith, a big, powerful man. All at once another man came into the shop and began to abuse the blacksmith. He called him names, and insulted him, and dared him to fight. The blacksmith said not a word. Someone said, "Why doesn't he fight; is he afraid?" Then another man spoke, "No, he is not afraid. He is winning a harder battle now than if he were to fight that man. The blacksmith has a bad temper. He used to be a great fighter. He could kill that man, who is insulting him, if he tried. But he is trying to overcome his temper instead." The greatest hero or heroine, boys and girls, is the one who fights and conquers self. That is what Solomon meant when he said: "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Alexander the Great, history tells us, conquered with his army all the cities of the world, and then wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, and then he died a drunkard because he couldn't conquer his appetite for drink. There are boys and girls, and men and women, like this old king. They are looking out for something to conquer, when they ought to be looking in. There is plenty of evil inside everyone of us to overcome.

This is what Jesus meant when he said,

who set it up. Now, suppose that each act of ours was a sign?"

"Tis!" excitedly put in Johnny. "If I drink some beer in a saloon, ain't it a sign I'm started out to be a drunkard? Might as well print it big; everybody knows!"

"That is just the idea," assented Miss Bella. So, if we keep the Sabbath as heartily as Jeremiah did, that alone is sign enough to let people know we are trying to honor the Lord, because this is one of the chief things He asked of us—one of the things He cared most about.

"Moreover, I gave them My Sabbaths to be a sign between Me and them," He said. You boys know how pleasant it is to have, just between yourselves, some sign that you all understand. So, God said in effect to His people, "We'll have a sign between us. You keep My sign, My Sabbath, and every one will know that you know and love Me." Then, when we do not keep it, all know that we do not care for His approval, nor give thanks for the love that gave us a day of rest.

"I suppose you boys don't appreciate the

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." The boy who is able to win the fight against his own temper and his own bad habits will not have much trouble in any other struggle that comes in life.

Then Moses was always willing to go where God wanted him to go and to be what God wanted him to be.

The mothers over in northern Italy sometimes tell their children about a little lame boy who lived long ago in the Alps. This boy was always thinking about how worthless he was because he was lame and could not do things that other boys did. His mother comforted him by telling him that God had worked for lame boys, and if he watched, some day he would have a chance to be a hero. So he forgot about his lameness in hoping that he would have an opportunity to do something great. Italy was at that time at war with France, and a great pile of wood had been placed on the hill-top above the village. When the news came that the French were coming this pile was to be lighted. This would warn the people so that they could escape.

One day there was a holiday. Everybody was in the village making merry and having a good time, all but the little lame boy. He couldn't run and play like the rest, so he stayed at home. As he sat there lonely and sad, all at once he thought he saw a flash of steel. He looked again and, sure enough, the French soldiers were coming up the valley. Quickly he ran into the house and brought fire and started the beacon in time for the people to get away. But he did not escape. He was killed at the first fire. But he had saved the village, this little lame boy who thought that he could not do anything.

When God sends some trouble to us we must not become impatient and angry about it. This little boy would never have saved that village if he had not been lame, and in the same way we will find that our troubles always turn out to be our blessings. So let us thank God for everything that he sends us. That is another thing that Jesus meant when he said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

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"rest" part now," she smiled, "but you can see how good it is for all who must work hard, to rest one day in the week. And when He made it a special, family day, for parents and children and family friends and family helpers, He even spoke of the animals that work for us. Don't you see how it makes us care more about each other, and about our helpers and the dumb creatures? In this way, it is a bond of sympathy between all who contribute to the family good and its pleasure."

"But—work isn't play?" said a boy, in questioning tone.

"No; but haven't you noticed that the 'play' or recreation, even, of some, always means work for others? If you think a minute you will see that the only way in which we can be sure that all shall have their rightful chance to rest, is by all remaining quietly at home, each family together, and doing as little work as possible. Our pleasures can come from books, from each other, and from doing kindly deeds for those less happy. A part of the day is set apart for worship, of course, and

we must have time even to plan kind acts, you know."

"Wasn't there something about 'delight,' Miss Early?" It was Johnny, again, who ventured to ask.

"Yes. Our Father meant it for our special day of happiness and delight. But one trouble is this: the people who do not wish to love Him are always trying to make believe that the Sabbath is a day which God took away from them. This is not one bit true. He said plainly, 'The Sabbath was made for man,' and that means for each one of us—for everybody. There are two remarkable verses about this that I would like you to put together, to see what you can make of them. 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' is the first; the other is, 'But the seventh day is the Sabbath; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates.'"

Miss Early waited an instant. Bright Ray had not been studying his puzzle for nothing. His face lighted. "Why, Miss Bella, that's fine! The first verse was the dreadful punishment because they did not obey Him in the garden of Eden: but the second lets us off from it one day out of every seven. How good that is!"

As soon as he had opportunity, Ray hurried to his mother. "No more golf on Sunday for me, mother dear. I'm tired and ashamed of being that kind of a sign."

Two little tears crept down Mrs. Dewees' cheeks, but she smiled "like a rainbow," Ray said. Mothers do, you know!—Mrs. Myra Norys.

HER TALISMAN.

Red-haired Midget was solemnly plodding her way to school when two rosy children sprang out at her from behind a hedge.

"We've got the loveliest secret," they chanted, "and you couldn't guess it if you guessed a thousand years."

Midget surveyed them with an engaging smile and they relented.

"Will you promise never to tell any one, live or die, black or blue?" demanded the older child.

Midget looked at her with tranquil eyes. "I'll just tell my mother," she said.

"No! no!" shouted the other two, with scorn. "You can't tell anybody."

Midget stiffened her small back and gave her red curls a proud toss.

"I don't have secrets from my mother," she said firmly, and marched on ahead with an air of funny dignity.

The girls whispered together for a minute, and then rushed after her, and it was plain from Midget's radiant face that her mother was to share "the loveliest secret."

Superstitious people sometimes carry a talisman, or charm, which they believe keeps away harm. Midget is carrying through school the best talisman against evil—"telling mother."—Ex.

A THOUGHT.

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

WHOLE DUTY OF A CHILD.

A child should always say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.